The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

VOL. VI., No. 9. NOVEMBER, 1898. ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Consider. Poem. Christine Rosetti ...	129
2. Ritualism and Reasonable Service. Sermon. Rev. C. Hargrove, M.A.	129
3. The Holy of Holies. Poem. G. K. Chesterton	133
4. The Charm of the Dawn	133
5. Enjoying One's Own Company	135
6. The Soul of a People. J. Warschauer ...	137
7. Seed Corn	139
8. A Plea for the Book of Common Prayer. III. Rev. Edgar I. Fripp, B.A. ...	140
9. Mr. Fripp and the Anglican Liturgy. J. M. Lloyd Thomas	142
10. Her World. Poem....	143
11. The Children's Page	144

Consider.

Consider
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief :—
We are as they ;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air of small account :
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount—
He guards us, too.

Consider
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair ;
What profits all this care
And all this toil ?

Consider
The birds that have no barn no harvest-weeks ;
God gives them food :—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.—CHRISTINE ROSETTI.

Woman's great function is Praise. Home is a place of peace, and wherever a true Wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head ; the glow-worm in the night cold grass may be the only fire at her foot ; but home is yet wherever she is ; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.—*Ruskin.*

Ritualism and Reasonable Service.

A SERMON,

BY THE REV. C. HARGROVE, M.A.

"*Your reasonable Service.*"—ROMANS xii. 1.

We don't choose our own names any of us. John or William, Smith or Jones, we are called such for reasons which often we are ignorant of, which we were certainly never asked to approve. And it is the same with the names of groups of men ; sects and parties get names given to them, and have perforce to accept them though they may be misleading or opprobrious. Whig and Tory have long been designations proudly owned to by the noblest families, but they were in the beginning nicknames invented by opponents. The Society of Friends can't help being known to the world by the ridiculous name of Quakers, taken from the trembling earnestness of its first preachers of righteousness and judgment. The community which would fain be called by the grand old names, Catholic Apostolic, is universally known as Irvingite, from its modern founder. A leading minister of the Baptists deplores it as "one of the ghastly ironies of history" that their sect should be known to the world by its observance of the old rite of immersion. While that zealous Unitarian, Dr. Crosskey, bewailed in similar terms "the irony

of fate," by which "a body of men who place less stress upon dogma than any other body of men in the world has been christened with a dogmatic name."

The Ritualists have fared no better than other sects, with which they would in no wise be confounded. Their claim is to be the English part of the ancient world-wide Church, founded by the Apostles of Christ, and they desire to be distinguished from the other ancient churches under the names Anglo-Catholic; but they are universally known from the fact, which does not in any way distinguish them from Romans or Greeks or Jews or Pagans, that they make use of much form and ceremony in their public worship; so they are called Ritualists, people who insist upon ritual or rites.

It is natural enough; the world calls people after what is most obvious about them; it doesn't set to work to discover what are the principles or beliefs which constitute church and party; it notices some outward peculiarity, some prominent controversy, and gives a name which no protest avails to alter. So Ritualists have got their name from that about them which at once strikes the eye of even the least intelligent observer.

And if this name were correct, as designating what really distinguishes those who were called by it, there would not seem to be any justification for the recent clamour against them, or any reason for regarding them with suspicion or fear. We are all of us ritualists more or less, and there is nothing bad or good in ritual as such; it is merely the expression of ideas or feelings by outward signs; it is a kind of speech, not by words but by acts and symbols. And it is by no means confined to religion: there is a ritual of the Court, and the arrangement of a royal procession is a matter of no small concern, every detail requiring a knowledge of Court customs—witness the rule that the highest officials of the realm must walk backwards when preceding the Sovereign; there is a ritual of Parliament, and minute prescriptions as to the dress, the demeanour, the speech of its officials and members; similarly the Courts of Law, the Council Chamber, every meeting of men for business, has its order and methods of procedure, which are its ritual; and even the drawing room, where men and women meet only for social intercourse, has its rules of dress and manners.

We might be sure then, even if we had never attended church or chapel, that we should find at all meetings for public worship certain prescribed forms and ceremonies, more or fewer, more or less obligatory and imposing, but always such as to form a ritual or rule of worship. And such we do find to be everywhere the case. There is a Presbyterian ritual and a Roman, which differ as widely as do the ceremonial of a Police Court and of the High Court of Justice; but the grudging scantiness of the former is itself evidence of the absolute necessity of outward form to the transaction of human affairs, spiritual or temporal; nay, out of this very scantiness and severity may be made a ritual, the absence of all decoration and ceremonial and music being symbolical of a doctrine simple and severe, and appealing to reason rather than to imagination.

We can't gather even for family worship without a ritual, to which we are so used that we are not conscious how varied and full it is. Hear Robert Burns' description of evening prayers in a Presbyterian Cotter's home, the family assembled on the Saturday night from their scattered places of week-day work :—

"The cheerful supper done, with serious face,
They round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big hall Bible, once his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside
From off the head now wearing grey and bare;
From strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He takes a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God,' he says with solemn air."

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise."

Then—

"The priest-like father reads the sacred page."

"And kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays."

Nothing could be simpler, and yet it is ritualistic, only natural reverence and old habit prescribe the ritual. The change of countenance as they move from table, the arrangement of seats in a circle round the hearth, the ministry of the father of the family, the head uncovered of the cap ordinarily worn in the draughty cottage, the order of service, hymn, reading, prayer, the solemn customary preface "Let us worship

God," the psalm arranged for singing, the tune to which it is sung, the change of attitudes as they pass from the Scriptures to the prayer, the foreign word "Amen" with which every prayer ends—they are all points of ritual.

How far we should go, what we should do and what abstain from doing are points for the most part not of principle at all, but of individual taste and feeling. Our predecessors for the most part stood to pray and sat to sing; it is utterly unimportant that we do the opposite. One only rule there is which applies to all such points of ritual observance, the golden rule which Paul laid down in respect of the observance of days and seasons, and eating and abstinence in the first days of Christianity, "Let us not judge one another, but judge this rather that no man put a stumbling block in his brother's way. If because of meat," or music, or lights, or dress, or picture, "thy brother is grieved, thou walkest no longer in love. So then let us follow after things which make for peace, and things whereby we may edify one another." What does it matter whether the minister wear a black gown or a white? What harm is there in a procession or a banner? What is the difference between painted windows and painted walls? Where can you draw the line and define that up to it all is permissible, and beyond it superstition?

No, so far as the name goes the only offence with which the Ritualists can justly be charged is that they have not sufficiently respected the sentiments or prejudices of those whose right in the parish church was older than their own, and in reason if not in law superior. For it is for the parishioner not for the vicar that the church exists, and the vicar himself is there only for the parishioners' service. But the wiser Ritualists would be the first to acknowledge this, and have always insisted on introducing new ritual gradually and gently so as to give least possible offence.

Whence, then, all this enthusiasm and indignation, this zeal to promote and to prevent certain forms of worship?

The truth is that despite the name or nickname "Ritualist," those who are so designated care little for ritual in itself. It is not for the sake of wearing gorgeous dresses, and lighting candles at mid-day, and standing with their backs to the people, that they have encountered so much obloquy and opposition, and been so persevering and insistent all these years. These things and the like are to all serious men amongst them only outward signs, it is for the thing signified they make their stand. That they bow the head when "Glory be to the Father" is sung, that is of small importance—that they turn to the East whence the glory of the visible world arises, is merely an ancient custom and as harmless as can be. It is not for such ceremonies they contend, but for things which would be of truly infinite importance—were they indeed facts, not (as we judge) mere fancies. It is for a priesthood and for sacraments they have held out so determinedly, in defiance of bishops and mobs and prisons. There is, they assert, an order of men in the world to whom has descended from Christ, the God-man, supernatural powers, possessed by none outside the line of descent, not though the best and wisest. These stand between God and man as the only legitimate and ordinary ministers of Divine grace. At their word of might the child on whom they sprinkle water becomes a child of God, and the sin-stain of his birth is cleansed. They stand at the altar, and by their invocation summon the Christ from heaven to the bread and wine they consecrate, and so offer a sacrifice which God accepts for living and dead. They speak the form of absolution, and the penitent sinner is released from the bonds of guilt and made acceptable in the sight of a God, whose face his sins have turned away. Such things are no questions of ecclesiastical millinery and mummery, as too often they are represented by the zealous opponents of Ritualism. They are of momentous importance, and justify all the energies which believers and unbelievers have thrown into the controversy aroused upon them.

And while we as Liberal Christians can stand aside quite indifferent as to the amount of ceremonial which pleases various congregations—let this one rejoice in processions and crosses, and banners and music, and garments of varied shape and colour, while this other finds its satisfaction in utmost simplicity of form, and limits its music to the capacity of the least musical—we cannot be indifferent, nay, must distinctly make up our minds and clearly express our judgments when we are met by the claims of men who call themselves priests, claims to supernatural powers and to divinely conferred authority.

For here we find ourselves in absolute opposition. Our first principle in religion is that our faith and worship should be in accord with reason: "a reasonable service," Paul calls it; the original word is almost exactly our "logical," and the rendering in the margin is "spiritual." All three are necessary qualifications of genuine worship—if it is contrary to sound logic it must be false, it is imaginary not real—if it is not reasonable it is not Divine worship, for God is the author and source of reason, and that which is unreasonable cannot be divine—if it is not spiritual it is no worship at all, mere ritual, of the body not of the man: for "they that worship," says Jesus, "*must* worship in spirit."

It is not, as is often falsely asserted, that Liberals in religion refuse to believe anything which they cannot understand; such an attitude of mind were absurd, for it is little we understand even of the most ordinary things. But we do refuse to believe unless our reason gives approval, finds the evidence sufficient, as indeed it often is quite sufficient to substantiate and make credible what is quite incomprehensible.

And we ask for evidence of the reality of the pretensions made for the priesthood and the sacraments. We take two schools of a hundred boys; one is a Church school, and every boy has by baptism been regenerated, or born again, he has been made "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven;" he has been "grafted into the Church, his faith confirmed and grace increased," as the 27th Article has it; the other is a Quaker school, and the poor boys remain under all the guilt and penalties of the sin which they are said to inherit from their parents. The supposed spiritual difference is enormous. *What will the real difference be?* Dare anyone pretend that the Quaker boys will be less moral and religious, less diligent and kindly, than the Church boys? The difference is asserted, but not only is no evidence adduced in support of it, but the evidence is abundant and of daily observation in the opposite direction. Baptized children are nowise superior to unbaptized, and a religious service which is founded on the assumption of such a superiority is not "a reasonable service."

Or again, take the first hundred priests you meet with; they are said to have received in ordination graces and powers above all other men: compare them with a hundred dissenting ministers, whose ordination has been merely a solemn reception into the ministry of religion, and who only by their profession are distinguished from laymen. Will it be possible for reason to discover the superiority which those episcopally ordained are supposed to be possessed of? They will probably, in this country, having had more advantages, be as a whole better educated, better behaved, have more of worldly accomplishments; will they as assuredly be more devout, more devoted, more spiritual, as with assurance the claim of supernatural powers is urged on their behalf?

We may follow out the same experiment with all the alleged sacraments, and shall find everywhere the same result. One hundred couples whose marriage was blessed by the Church, will they be found more loving and faithful than a hundred married in dissenting chapels? One hundred communicants of bread and wine which a priest has consecrated, will they be better men and women than a hundred who go to the communion, taking the bread and wine at the hands of their minister, as mere symbols of loyalty to Christ and love of the brethren?

No, we can discern no difference, and we defy anyone to point it out. The statistics of crime, of drunkenness, of illegitimacy—of charities, of philanthropy, of missions—all point to the same conclusion, viz.: that there is no moral or spiritual advantage to any body of men arising from the ordinances of their religion. Quakers are not the worse for having no sacraments, Romanists are not the better for seven. "It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing."

If we were to force the evidence of statistics, we might indeed urge that where there is more faith in sacraments, there is less of ordinary morality and common-place goodworks; but probably the true explanation is rather that the ceremonial religion appeals more effectively to ignorant and indisciplined natures, and therefore sacramental churches have larger numbers of this kind in their communion. It is to their credit this; but if sacraments are a reality, we should expect that they would manifest their power in the ordinary partaker of them, distinguishing him in virtue and devotion above his fellow in similar circumstances, who has no such advantage. Is such the case? Does anyone expect that of two judges, the Catholic will be more just than

the Wesleyan; of two tradesmen, that the Churchman will be more honest than the Quaker?

To us who answer with a confident No! the conclusion is irresistible, that these sacraments are signs only, useful to quicken memory and stir the affections, but in themselves merely Ritual. Therefore do we decide that correctly, though it be only by accident, are those who rely upon them called Ritualists, because Ritual is not only the outward but the real thing which distinguishes them from others, their brethren in God's service; if by ritual they are able to do what we cannot do without it, if they can touch the hard heart and awake the conscience which seems dead, then should we not all say, "God bless the workers, and the means by which they work, and free us and them from delusion and sectarianism and pretence?"

"THE MILL HILL PULPIT."

A Monthly Sermon by Charles Hargrove, M.A.
(Minister of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds)

October Number (which commences Vol. VII.),

"AN AGNOSTIC HEROINE."

Post free, 1½d. Annual subscriptions, now due, 1s. 6d.

Bound Vol. V.-VI. combined, in cloth, with Index, are now ready, price 2s. 6d., 3d. extra postage. Address, CHAS. STAINER, 82, Ravenswood Terrace, Leeds.

The Holy of Holies.

"Elder Father, though thine eyes
Shine with hoary mysteries,
Canst thou tell what in the heart
Of a cowslip blossom lies?"

"Smaller than all lives that be,
Secret as the deepest sea,
Stands a little house of seeds,
Like an elfin's granary."

"Speller of the stones and weeds,
Skilled in Nature's crafts and creeds
Tell me what is in the heart
Of the smallest of the seeds."

"God Almighty, and with Him
Cherubim and seraphim
Filling all Eternity—
Adonai Elohim."

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Every woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and perfect,
Built by the only law, that Use be suggester of Beauty.—*Clough.*

The Charm of the Dawn.

It is reported that a great French lady has invented a new form of social entertainment. In order to while away the tedium of country life she invites her friends to "dawn parties." The place of meeting is, of course, indicated on the card. The hour is six, or whatever the almanac sets down as the time of sunrise. Whether the new fashion will find imitators here remains to be seen. In any case, it is certain to stir up the old controversy as to the comparative beauties of the dawn and the sunset. We know of many families in which the beauties of the sunrise and sunset are a source of perpetual feud. Each side is, of course, convinced that there is no sort of comparison between the two great miracles of the day. The dawn-men are freely declared to be self-righteous prigs who merely praise the sunrise because they want to show that they belong to that contemptible class, the early risers. The advocates of departing day are, on the other hand, "slugabeds" whose blear-eyed laziness shuts them out from the first and principal act of the great drama played each day by the heavens for our enrichment and delight. What do they know of cloud forms and cloud-colours who only sunset know? To such men all the nicer and more mysterious aerial harmonies are, it is argued, unknown. The sunset is declared to be a garish, flaunting thing compared with the opening of the day. The pinks like the lower part of the petal of a white rose, the greens like the edging of a foamless wave where the Adriatic breaks in a warm bay, the yellows faint like the citron-rind, are all extolled and all declared to belong exclusively to the peep of dawn. The sunset colours are, it is admitted, strong and full, but they are crude and vulgar—something which the man who really knows the dawn will hardly care to look at, or, at any rate, will be unable to look at without making very "sniffy" comparisons. Of course the sunset-men retort in kind. The sunrise colours are cold and cheerless, without warmth or glow or passion. Nothing, in fact, but a ridiculous literary tradition would make any one even profess to like the sunrise better than the sunset. Between these opposing factions stands, of course, the inevitable school of Laodiceans, men

who think that there is a good deal of beauty in both. They opine, too, that after all there cannot be much difference in the two effects. They are both produced by sunlight and cloud, and both take place on the horizon. Therefore it must be "unscientific"—blessed and comfortable word, that seems to solve so much and really solves so little—to say that one is better than the other. In truth, they are the same, only one takes place while you are in bed, or feel you ought to be; while the other, except in the very longest days, occurs about or not long before dinner. Clearly, then, there ought to be no dispute in the matter. Science and a moment's reflection show that the two things must be exactly the same. When people imagine they are different they forget to make allowance for the difference in a man's feelings before breakfast, and after breakfast, lunch, and five o'clock tea have been safely got through. The difference is in the state of the human organism, not in the atmosphere.

Before attempting to decide whether the dawn or the sunset is the more beautiful of the daily pageants of the sky, we should like to point out, with all the emphasis we can, that the Laodicean, Left Centre, moderate, and compromise view of the matter is demonstrably false. There is a difference, and an absolute difference, between the two phenomena. A moment's reflection may make them appear the same, but five minutes' thought will show that the general opinion of mankind is perfectly justified in considering them to be totally different things. The grand and essential difference lies in this simple fact. During sunrise the light is every instant growing brighter, and the landscape growing more visible. During sunset the light is perpetually diminishing, and objects near and far growing darker and less visible. In one case the curtain of the night is rising, in the other it is coming down. By this a whole world of sensation is affected. The results on the mind and on the emotions of a progress towards light and of progress towards darkness are entirely different. By no possibility can they be said to look much the same. It is the steady appreciation of light during the period of dawn which makes the colours at sunrise often appear so much clearer and more ethereal, just as it is the gradually deepening gloom that enriches the colours of the sunset. No doubt there must be in both cases moments when the colours are equally deep or equally bright, but we judge not by the moment, but by the process of development which is going forward. But though this is the chief difference between the dawn and the sunset, the difference between awakening and going to sleep, between increase and decrease, between growth and decay, there are, we believe, other differences hardly less real. Be the cause what it may, there is a sense of mystery connected with the dawn which cannot be explained away. We watch "God make himself an awful rose of dawn" from the dewy lawn in front of some moss-grown manor-house, or the new light strike the window-panes in a sleeping English village. We see the morning sun gild the tops of the Pyramids and illumine the thick-lipped idol of the desert, her crouching quarters half-hidden in white fog, or flush the old untrampled snows at the head of some green Swiss valley. Again, we note the sea and land grow distinct under clouds edged with delicate saffron or barred with rose-pink as Naples or Genoa opens her harbour to receive us. But always with these sights comes the feeling that the earth still holds a mystery and a spell. We are still touched by the awe which inspired the priest, as he stood waiting for the sunrise, in England by some lonely barrow, on a windy down, or in Egypt, in the narrow chambers of the Propylon. As the sun sinks in gold and scarlet we use, how easily and how stupidly, the conventional phrases that express our sense of beauty. The majesty of dawn touches us more keenly as well as more subtly. To many minds the moment of the day's birth will interpret feelings and desires that before were blind and vague. Wordsworth speaks of how "the winds come to me from the fields of sleep." He who has felt the gentle wind that so often precedes the dawn blow over English fields or across pastures, a wind that seems to come from out of the distance and the dark, the land of dreams and death, will not fail to realise the poet's meaning. Connected with this sense of mystery in the dawn there is also a sense of something that is sacred. Matthew Arnold touched a chord which rings true when he speaks of the dying man "bathed in the sacred dews of morn." There is something specially

sacred in the miracle of the dawn, though why more than in that of the sunset it is difficult to say. Possibly association has something to say in the matter. There are few of us in whose minds the dawn is not associated with moments either of sorrow or of the awe that comes from a struggle between life and death. He who takes the night watch besides a sick-bed is relieved, it may be, at the dawn. Before he sleeps himself he must throw back the shutters and windows, and look out on the rising sun. Sometimes that look into the gates of the day is connected with an intuition that the victory has been won, and that life, not death, is to be the portion of the sick man. Sometimes it is while gazing at the clouds of dawn that the mind is overwhelmed with the realisation that no care, no pain, no struggling will now be of any avail. In how many minds, too, is the dawn associated with the actual incident of death. It is just before dawn that the human body is weakest, and therefore it is at dawn that death so often comes. Hence to thousands of men and women the dawn must always recall the realisation of the change that death brings to every home. We leave the death-bed to watch the sun once more beginning the splendid pageant of the hours. For these reasons, and partly, no doubt, because for most of us the sunrise cannot be so familiar as the sunset, the dawn keeps always a certain sense of sacredness and mystery. We may burden our hearts when "the sun, the lordly creature, sinks to her settle," but it is almost impossible not to be moved by the rising of the sun. Whether the dawn or the sunset is the more beautiful no man can truly say. They are too different for comparison. The question must remain undecided not because there is nothing to choose between them or because they are much the same, but because they are so different, because they are wide as the Poles asunder, and separated by the whole space that lies between East and West.

Life, with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear . . .
Is just our chance of the prize of learning Love,—
How love might be, hath been, indeed, and is,
And that we hold henceforth to the uttermost
Such prize.—*Browning.*

Enjoying One's Own Company.

The loneliest man on this planet is always sure of having enough of one kind of company —his own. He is the first one to bid himself "Good-morning," and the last to say "Good-night." At breakfast, lunch, and dinner, in the tram-car or on the woodland stroll, there he is ever on hand. What a marvellously agreeable personality, then, ought he to be, not to grow tedious to himself! No one could begin to put up with a thousandth part as much of anybody else's company as he has to of his own, but, wearied to death with the other's monotonous drone, would show him the front door in a huff. "Not at home, sir!" can say the obsequious lackey to the unwelcome caller on his master. But who can say "Not at home" to himself?

All well enough, then, is it to talk about the importance of living in harmony with other people. The grand, practical question of life is, first and foremost, to contrive to live on an agreeable footing with one's self. That is why all the pre-eminent saints, like Saint Augustine and Saint Francis of Assisi insisted, first, on being converted themselves before undertaking to convert others. They wanted personally to try how it felt, so as to recommend it with more first-hand assurance to others. And so, on their warrant, a man can better afford to quarrel with his neighbours half the time than live unreconciled with himself the whole time. Moreover, let him lay it down as law that never will it prove possible to enjoy his own company any further than he can render his own company really enjoyable. The trials, bitter disappointments, wrongs, and cruelties of life are in too great danger of working every man's mind into a state in which he is anything but agreeable company to himself.

Does it sound, then, like an Epicurean kind of philosophy to insist that the primal aim of man should be to secure himself as abiding an interior good time as will be sure to render him a pleasant inmate for himself to live with? On the contrary, this is as sound Stoic or Christian as it is Epicurean philosophy. Indeed, such a Stoic as Seneca seems to have devoted a large share of his moral and metaphysical energy to teaching how a man could learn to enjoy his

own company, even under severe toothache; while the early Christians strove to exemplify how, in a rapturous sense of liberty, one could sing behind the dungeon grating,—

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

In truth, can philosophy or religion do a better thing than to teach the rest of us how to do the like? Shall we ever be buoyantly devout and thankful on any other terms?

"Enjoying one's own company!" many are ready to exclaim in scorn. "No: forget self, ignore its very existence, lose all consciousness of it in external objects!" There is a meaning in all this; but it is a very foolish meaning, at least as often urged. Surely, it does not deaden self—such absorption in beautiful and uplifting external objects. It simply raises to ten-fold power, and so brings into intenser consciousness all the capacities of admiring delight that are stored away within the self. You are in the Dresden gallery, say, standing before Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Who is it that is drinking in such draughts of joy? It is yourself. Straightway you enjoy such a self as that—you in it and it in you. Again, you are listening to an enchanting talker. But who is listening? Whose intellect is quickened, whose imagination kindled? It is your own. Ignore that kind of a self? You revel in it.

By way of a complete *reductio ad absurdum* of all this transcendental talk about self-oblivion, a wise and witty psychologist has suggested the picture of two ecstatic young lovers, each so disinterestedly bent on annihilating his or her mere selfish share in the rapturous delight, so disinterestedly bent on passing it entirely over to the other dear object, that, at last—and as full consummation of such battledore and shuttlecock performance—there should remain, unless flying in mid-air, no trace of any conscious love to be experienced on either side. As well look for the indwelling of tender sentiment to two audiphones set side by side, their cranks and cylinders mechanically repeating, in thin, spectral gibberish, to one another the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." Even Shakespeare would fail in the attempt to dissolve the theatre in tears over the tragic fate of such a pair of enamoured human audiphones.

Of course, by no possibility can one know anything rich or varied about the contents of his self,—always excepting his empty, listless, or discontented self,—except through vital contact with stimulating external objects and personalities. Yet there are fifty different kinds of self, brought out by fifty different kinds of objects, each one of which may prove a charming inmate of the breast. There, for example, is the agreeable self, taking keen pleasure in making itself entertaining to others; the practical self, finding genuine interest in its business or farming; the benevolent self, delighting in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked; the intellectual self, bent on reaping rich harvests of knowledge; the devout self, treasuring up grateful memories of blessings, and joyful in singing praises for them. Apart from this delightful variety, how unspeakably dreary outlook were that of immortality! With it, on the other hand, the breath is fairly taken away at the anticipation of the things "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived."

Go where he will, the man in whose breast this sense of his divine inheritance has been quickened will quicken life in others. No surer sign can be asked of the quality of the inward spirit than to see any one habitually smiling as he walks along the roadside. He is enjoying his own company. He is talking with himself. But who is himself? His friends, Nature, the birds, the trees, God.

The Seed Sower;

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
FOR THE HOME, THE SCHOOL, AND THE CHURCH.

Localised by Essex Church, London; All Souls, Belfast; Unity Church, London; Great Meeting, Leicester; Mansfield; The Western Union (all the churches); Kidderminster; Old Meeting, Church of the Messiah, and Hurst Street Mission, Birmingham; and other places.

By post, 1/6 per annum.

Special terms for churches taking 50 copies and above.

All business communications to be addressed to—
MR. ARNOLD WOOD,
WHITEHALL CHAMBERS, COLMORE ROW,
BIRMINGHAM.

The Soul of a People.*

It is now some half-dozen years since a young writer, who had not till then become very widely known, leapt into something like instantaneous fame by a novel entitled, "Children of the Ghetto," and descriptive of Jewish life in London, chiefly in the East End. The success of that volume appeared to some of us at the time as due rather to the fresh and unhackneyed subject-matter than to any intrinsic excellence either of plot or of writing. Ghetto tales had not been told in English before, and there were only few readers who could compare Mr. Zangwill's sketches with the incomparably more artistic work of German writers like Bernstein or Leopold Kompert, whose creations have charmed a large public abroad. "Children of the Ghetto," to be frank, lacked distinction both of style and thought, and while containing a large gallery of amusing and one or two pathetic characters, could scarcely take rank among works of high-class fiction.

Since the appearance of his earlier volume, however, Mr. Zangwill's talent has undergone a ripening process; he has thought much, studied much, enlarged his horizon in many directions—he has, above all, emancipated himself from the blighting spirit of the so-called New Humour which for some time he kept dangerously flourishing in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. His sympathies have deepened, his attitude towards the realities of life has become more serious, his style less that of the slap-dash journalist, and more that of the responsible man of letters. His is certainly, as a distinguished French critic remarked the other day concerning one of our leading playwrights, *un talent qui n'a pas encore dit son dernier mot;* but the direction in which it has been developing of late, a direction the outcome of which is the remarkable book under review, must be deeply gratifying both to lovers of literature and to those interested in the inner life of a race which has not its equal for an eventful history, for the endurance of persecution, for tenacious survival under the most unpropitious conditions, and whose essential characteristic some discerning writer—Heine or Renan—has described as "a genius for religion."

In attempting to show us the various aspects of what we have ventured to call the soul of a people, Mr. Zangwill has had the genuinely original idea of going through the centuries, and presenting to us some of the Jews of genius who at divers times and in divers manners gained fame or notoriety as statesmen, thinkers, poets, reformers, founders of sects, presenting them to us either at some dramatic crisis in their careers, or telling us their fates, the thoughts which moved them, the ideals they struggled after, in a more leisurely manner. Interspersed with these, which form the larger proportion, there are some purely imaginary sketches, dealing with the destinies of humbler members of the race, yet each designed to bring out some part, some feature in the composite portrait which the author wishes to paint for us.

And in producing the total effect aimed at, we must pronounce him wonderfully successful; for what is the Israel we see depicted? Not the race of shrewd, keen-witted, unscrupulous bagmen, sordid usurers, and dealers in old clo' that presents itself to the gaze of unfriendly Christendom, but—wonder of wonders!—a race of dreamers, of incorrigible idealists, of speculators, not in securities, but rather in the insecurities of Messianic expectations, millennarian hopes, Zionistic visions—dreamers of a dream that will never come true. And the portrait, we venture to say from internal knowledge, is a more faithful and an infinitely more pathetic one than that which is being drawn for the delight of anti-Semites by the Stœckers and Drumonts and Rocheforts. The wandering Jew goes peddling his wares, an object of scorn and derision, or is sweated in a Whitechapel factory, or becomes a railroad magnate like the one described in the last of Mr. Zangwill's tales—but the inmost heart of him dwells in a dreamland compounded of past and future. Zussman Herz, one of Mr. Zangwill's imaginary heroes, is a master shoemaker, who in his leisure hours writes a Hebrew book, which is to conciliate Christendom and Jewry; and at the present day one Rosenthal—a real character this—a journeyman tailor, is writing in a New York garret sweet, sad poetry which the world will never know because the idiom employed is the

*Dreamers of the Ghetto, by I. Zangwill.—Heinemann, London, 1898.

despised Yiddish, but which those who understand it compare to some of Heine's work.

To bring out this, the real character of the race, is the task which Mr. Zangwill has set before himself, and which he keeps in view from the first story—a delicate idyll full of charm, telling of a little Venetian Jew boy of the seventeenth century losing, or finding, his way into the Christian cathedral—to the last, which takes us back to the same Venice, a Venice seen at the end of the nineteenth century, and depicts, with rare restraint and in the key of true pathos, the self-sought end of a disillusioned latter-day son of Israel. The short story "The Palestine Pilgrim," and the one already referred to, "The Conciliator of Christendom," will tell the Gentile reader more about the psychology of the Jew than whole volumes like *La France Juive* or Sir Richard Burton's posthumous libel.

And apart from these imaginative sketches—what a record of historic dreamers it is that is here unrolled for our instruction! From Sabbatai Zevi, honestly, nay intensely, believing—until a certain moment—that he is the Messiah, and believed in by his followers even after his fall, to Ferdinand Lassalle, the founder of German Social Democracy, convinced of his own political Messiahship, seeing himself already head of the state, and doomed to fall in a wretched duel; from Uriel Acosta, brought up in the Christian faith, the son of sham-converted Spanish Jews, voluntarily returning to the synagogue, only to find his expectations of a broader faith disappointed there, to Heine—passionate singer, daring wit, brilliant word-artist — dreaming of a reconciliation between Hellenism and Hebraism, and dying in his mattress-grave with the most pious irreverence ever uttered upon his lips: *le bon Dieu me pardonnera; c'est son métier;* from Benedict de Spinoza, the "God-intoxicated man," philosopher of European fame, yet gaining his livelihood as a maker of lenses, yearning for absorption in the Divine Reality, to Moses Mendelssohn, the gentle humanist and friend of Lessing, reputed to be the prototype of the latter's Nathan the Wise, who more than a hundred years ago saw an age of tolerance and mutual understanding already dawning, and who would have disbelieved with all his heart in the possibility of a *Judenhetze* such as that which is darkening the last years of this century, and is bringing France to the verge of civil war.

And how much of mysticism, of dreaminess, there is about that Jewish religion which from the time of St. Paul downwards has been persistently misunderstood and misrepresented by Christianity; how far removed this, from the bugbear of a terrible and soul-killing Law, with which theologians have been making so much play, and which they have so largely evolved from the depths of their inner consciousness! Anyone wishing to know how much of poetry and romance there clusters about these rites and observances, what loved associations have grown up through the generations round these ceremonies and performances of pious duties, need only read the first and introductory sketch which strikes the keynote of the book, called "A Child of the Ghetto." And lastly, anyone desirous of being informed how growing numbers of educated modern Jews are beginning to feel towards Christ, will find throughout Mr. Zangwill's volume indications of a tone and temper which may come as an agreeable surprise to him. The whole book is the production of a man who is intensely convinced of the reality of religion, who has thought on the fundamental problems of God, man and destiny, a lover of his own people, yet none the less both an Englishman and, in the better sense, a citizen of the world.

The present writer remembers coming some time ago upon an attempt, very ingenious and made no doubt in all good faith, to prove that Jesus could not have been a genuine Jew; his Galilean birth and home were supposed to favour that theory which it was easy to see the author was rather eager to establish. Jesus was too much of a poet, of an idealist, we were given to understand, to have been a member of that nation of money-changers, Pharisees and legalists; and the learned writer doubtless deemed himself to be performing a meritorious task in clearing Christ from the odium of Jewish extraction. Yet to anyone reading the Gospels with an unbiassed mind, still more to anyone acquainted with Judaism from the inside, the baselessness and fruitlessness of the attempt to de-Judaize Jesus were apparent from the outset; for it is precisely the poetry, the idealism, the visionary spirit in the sublime Galilean, that attest his kinship more indubitably than genealogies or

parchments signed and sealed. Who, indeed, is more distinctly marked out by nature as the head of the race of which we have been speaking, than he—the Divine Dreamer who dreamed the Sermon on the Mount, and beheld in vision, proclaimed as at hand, that Kingdom of Heaven for which two thousand years have been waiting with pathetic persistency?—

J. WARSCHAUER.

Seed Corn.

The man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household, but he cannot make it. That must rest with the woman, and is her greatest privilege.

To listen well is a rare accomplishment. It takes a great man to make a good listener. *Not* to interrupt, *not* to let the eyes wander, *not* to shew you would rather be talking yourself. These are difficult negatives, and argue some greatness of character in the owner.

The root of unpunctuality is selfishness.

"He died worth so much!" Would that it could be said, "He died worth so many." To "much" the proper substantive is money; to "many" friends.

Surely the best kind of property is affection, and at any rate it is the only kind you can carry with you to the grave.

It is a great motive for tolerance to reflect that the men who differ from you most in opinion, may most resemble you in nature—may be most like you in heart and soul. Many a theologian in former days, has helped to burn a man who was almost to him a second self, whereas he left unmolested the worldly man who, differing from him in all the great things of life and conduct, did not care to differ from him in matters of religious opinion.

There is nothing so easily made offensive as good reasoning, and men of clear, logical minds, if not gifted at the same time with tact, make more enemies than men of unsound understandings.

A man is not so much the child of his father as the child of the age in which he lives.

To take an interest in many things is one of the greatest felicities. It is the mind that has only one or two interests that in old age, or before it, sinks into decay. To have the mind fresh and vigorous in old age it must have had a wide range of interests all along.

Most terrors are but spectral illusions. Only have the courage of the man who could walk up to the spectre seated in the chair before him, and sit down upon it; the horrid thing will not take the chair with you.

"Life is a vapour," says an ancient writer, but life is also a story written with a pen of iron on tables of granite.

The modern sphinx is nature—nature standing for all the laws and forces of the universe—saying to each one of us—What is your estimate of life? What do you mean by life and living? And according as we answer these questions are we victorious or defeated.

The various circumstances, events, happenings, sorrows, troubles, rebuffs, disappointments, in which a man finds himself are the unsightly but most skilful and adaptable Wheel by which the Divine Potter changes the lump of clay into a vessel fit for the service of Heaven.

Men had never been made in Eden—that is in ease, quietness, and innocence. Men are made in agonies and energies and bloody sweat, by storms, reverses, dangers, and sharp temptations.

Oh wasteful woman! she who may
  On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
  How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for nought her priceless gift,
  How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which spent with due respective thrift,
  Had made brutes men, and men divine!

—*Coventry Patmore.*

A Plea for the Book of Common Prayer.

By the Rev. Edgar I. Fripp, B.A.

III.

In my last paper I discussed the Daily Service from the Lord's Prayer to the *Gloria*. I now come to that part of the Service the *form* of which—namely, hymn or psalm alternating with lessons from Scripture—has been preserved in most Nonconformist worship. Let me take the appointed hymns first, before I pass, in my next paper, to the consideration of the selected lessons.

In the Morning Prayer the *Venite*, the *Te Deum*, or the *Benedicite*, and the *Benedictus* or the *Jubilate Deo* are set down; in the Evening Prayer the *Magnificat* or the *Cantate Domino*, and the *Nunc Dimittis* or *Deus Misereatur;* and at both Morning and Evening Prayer certain of the *Psalms* in order.

What shall we say of these? Are they still appropriate for modern use, or have they become a little antiquated in the progress of religious thought and experience?

Well, for myself, to say that they are, with some modifications, "still appropriate," seems a poor appreciation of their rare excellence. I know of no body of religious song like it. I doubt whether anything so comprehensive, so fitted for the many and varied wants of men, so able to stand the test of constant usage, could be put together from all Christendom. On the ground of their origin, the venerable associations which have gathered about them in history, their own inherent beauty and the beauty that has been *added* to them in their passage from Hebrew or Greek to Latin and English, they are unequalled. Religious genius produced them, and has kept them; and we owe a deep debt of gratitude to the authors of the Prayer-Book and to men like Hooker, George Herbert, Thomas Fuller, and Jeremy Taylor, who preserved it from Puritan disputatiousness and set it up again in the people's hearts, that these glorious hymns are still together in use, by poor and rich, in the great majority of English places of worship.

The *Venite*, which was enjoined to be sung "in Englishe," is Tyndale and Coverdale's translation of the 95th Psalm. It is, as I have said, a joyous summons to worship in the Temple, and most suitable for the beginning of public praise. Its joyousness is infectious; it almost makes one sing to read it:—

> "O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
> Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.
> Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving:
> And show ourselves glad in Him with psalms."

A congregation must be very stiff and dry that will not respond to such words, sung to a bright, simple tune.

But here let me make a short digression. The strength of religious fellowship in a congregation can be measured, I believe, by the fulness and heartiness of its singing. People do not sing in church until they feel at home there; and they do not feel at home until their hearts are full of peace and faith, and kindly towards the folk around them. It is impossible to sing among *strangers;* and when two people, who may never have met in their lives before, sing together in the same pew, they cease to be *strangers*, and become fellow-worshippers and fellow-Christians. Hearty congregational singing, then, is always essential in worship where there is singing by the people; and it is most of all essential in a *liturgical* service—for the reason that a liturgical service immediately becomes a performance by the minister and choir when the people do not join in it. A liturgy, especially a good liturgy, like the Book of Common Prayer, makes more, not less, demands on a congregation than what is called an "open service." Like all good things whatsoever, it is *exacting* in proportion to its goodness.

And hence a word to organists and choirs. They do not exist to show how well they can play and sing. They are not producing an oratorio. They have to *lead the singing* of the people; and their thought, therefore, should be—"Will this tune encourage and delight the congregation? Will they easily take hold of it and follow us?" And so emphatically is this the case, that an organist and choir may, by their sympathetic leadership, make almost any religious service a success, and may also, by their desire to exhibit their skill, make almost any religious service a failure.

And one word, too, to those friends who say they can't sing. A good old man was once

asked if he sang in church. He replied, "Well, no, I can't say I do; but I make a joyful noise." Everybody can make *a joyful noise*, and that is just what we most need in our churches.

But to return to the *Venite*. As the latter part of it, beginning "To-day if ye will hear His voice," is a fragment of a psalm which has nothing to do with the preceding, and is somewhat "Jewish" in its tone, it may with advantage be omitted.

The *Te Deum* is perhaps the most famous of all Christian hymns, and deservedly so. It is a grand pæan of praise, worthy of the greatest occasions. When the Spanish Armada was defeated Queen Elizabeth, with her captains and poets about her, went to old St. Paul's and sang the *Te Deum;* and last year, when our own Queen celebrated her sixtieth year of rule over the greatest empire the world has ever seen, she and her united people sang the same words in front of the present St. Paul's—

"We praise thee, O God:
We acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee:
The Father everlasting."

It is said to have been composed miraculously by Ambrose and Augustine, at the baptism of the latter by the former, each saint in turn speaking a line by inspiration. It was probably the work of Hilary, who was Bishop of Arles, on the Rhone, in 440 A.D. It had gained a recognised position in the Church by the year 502, and it has kept it ever since. The stately lines of the Latin, beginning—

"Te Deum laudamus:
Te Dominum confitemur.
Te eternum Patrem:
Omnis terra veneratur,"

do not suffer but even gain in the dignified English of the Tudor translators. The original poem probably concluded with the verses—

"Et rege eos:
Et extolle illos usque in eternum;"

in English—

"And govern them,
And lift them up for ever."

And the remainder, from—

"Per singulos dies benedicimus te;"

in English—

"Day by day we magnify thee,"

to the end, seems to have been a set of responses that followed the hymn, and became gradually affixed to it. It is chiefly made up of verses from Pss. xxvii. 9, cxliv. 2, cxxii. 3, xxxii. 22.

The disputable part of the *Te Deum*, as of all truly great religious utterances, may be eliminated without much injury to the rest. The lines from "Thine honourable, true, and only Son," to "We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge," may either be omitted altogether (which I would recommend), or changed (the fine Church music for the hymn being thus available) into the following:—

"And thy beloved, true, and glorified Son;
Thy Holy Spirit also, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory, O God.
Thou dost not suffer thy holy ones to see corruption;
Thou givest them the victory over sin and death;
And openest the kingdom of Heaven to all the faithful;
And callest us thither by the spirit of thy Son."

In this way God is praised not for a past miracle, but for a present one. There is no religion without miracle and mystery; but the deeper religion finds it here and now—in the presence of God in the world, and in His answer to the soul in prayer.

One more change—of the words "hast redeemed with thy precious blood" into "shalt redeem in thy boundless love"—makes the hymn a universal Christian song.

The *Benedicite* is much older than the *Te Deum*. It is taken from the Apocrypha, from a Greek addition to the Book of Daniel, known as the "Song of the Three Holy Children." It was used as a hymn among the Jews, and thence by the Christians. The Reformers retained it in 1549, in English, and improved the translation in 1552. It is a fine outburst of praise, such as would be dear to our farming ancestors. We can imagine how the English yeomen of Latimer and Shakespeare's time enjoyed such verses as these:—

"O ye showres and dewe, blesse ye the Lorde:
Prayse him and magnifye him for ever.
O ye wyndes of God, blesse ye the Lorde:
Prayse him and magnifye him for ever.
O ye froste and colde, blesse ye the Lorde:
Prayse him and magnifye him for ever.
O let the yearth blesse the Lorde:
Yea, lette it prayse him and magnifye him for ever."

The old agricultural life has been largely superseded by the town and city life of modern civilisation; but we still love the country, and

delight in the simple, beautiful things of Nature, and rise through them to thoughts of God. The English, from time immemorial, ploughed the sea and ploughed the land, and as their love of the ocean still clings to us, so does their joy in the earth yet leap in our hearts; and while this is so we shall have a pleasure in the old "Ben'cite." At the same time it is rather long, and would gain by shortening.

The *Benedictus*, the *Magnificat*, and the *Nunc Dimittis* are from the New Testament, from the first and second chapters of the gospel according to Luke. They are early Christian hymns of the end of the first or beginning of the second century, put poetically into the mouths of Zacharias, father of John the Baptist, Mary, mother of Jesus, and the old man Simeon. They are full of the spirit of early Christianity. The *Benedictus* is Jewish Christian, an utterance of the deep pride of the Hebrew in his country, and in the realisation of the national expectation.* The writer feels a glowing patriotism. God has visited and redeemed Israel, fulfilling in John and Jesus its dearly cherished prophecy. John went forth to prepare for what was coming—

> "To give knowledge of salvation unto his people,
> For the remission of their sins;
> Through the tender mercy of our God,
> Whereby the Day-spring from on high hath visited us,
> To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death,
> And to guide our feet into the way of peace."

Rarely has the meaning of the gospel been more beautifully expressed. To this early Christian the message did not mean mere doctrinal enlightenment, but *salvation*—salvation through the forgiveness of sin and the incoming of tender mercy into hearts darkened by evil and trembling at death, and guidance of our poor stumbling feet into the way of peace.

The *Magnificat* is the poor man's hymn, and belongs to the very heart of Christianity. It is the voice of lowly righteousness, glad and triumphant in the midst of worldly oppression. Jesus, it declares, was not born of a princess, but of the wife of a village carpenter. He was not the strong supernatural deliverer expected by the learned Pharisees, with a host of angels at his back, but the humble speaker of truth and love. And this lowly Christ, so neglected and scorned, and put to death like a felon, shall conquer Cæsar and all the accursed powers of worldliness. God is with the weak. He has saved Israel from her strong enemies. And again and again He has scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts, and put down the mighty from their seat, and exalted the humble and meek, and filled the hungry with good things, and sent the rich empty away.

The *Nunc Dimittis* is the old man's hymn. It is full of the joy which alone gladdens the hearts of the old, the joy of God's presence and saving work in the world. To feel this and be certain of it is the one deep peace to an old veteran. To have lived a comfortable, healthy life, to have scraped together a fortune for one's family, or to have gained some name among men, may have its satisfaction; but this is not the happiness of having fought a brave fight with evil and seen the coming victory. To have worked for God—nay, to have worked *with* God—and to have seen the salvation "prepared for *all* people," is the gladness of the true Christian.

The *Jubilate Deo*, *Cantate Domino*, and *Deus Misereatur* are chosen Psalms—the c., xcviii., lxvii.—for occasional use instead of the *Benedictus*, the *Magnificat*, or the *Nunc Dimittis* respectively. They are all characterised by joyousness, and, like the *Venite*, peculiarly fitted for united praise. They tend to bring the people together. "Praise Him," they say, "all ye lands, all ye peoples, all nations, all the ends of the world. Be joyful, be thankful, sing and give thanks, be glad, and worship with gladness." This is the note which makes the Church of England service so markedly cheerful.

* The Jewish tone is made less prominent, if it is unduly felt, by the omission of verses 4 and 6: "That we should be saved," etc., and "To perform the oath," etc.

Mr. Fripp and the Anglican Liturgy.

To the Editor of the *Seed Sower*.

DEAR SIR,—It is curious that Mr. Fripp should be urging upon us the Church of England Liturgy at the precise time when the clergy of that body are denouncing it.

In the *Church Gazette*—the broad church organ—of October 15th is an article on Liturgical Reform, a part of which I append. "One is scarcely surprised that the Swiss Reformers, vexed at English conservatism, should have introduced a sort of sermonette with the view of enforcing the truth, that confession to God is essential. *Autres temps autres mœurs!* To have perpetuated this archaic piece of pedantry all these centuries, amounts to self-stultification. To repeat the same sermon *de die in diem* would savour of vain repetition, and, besides that, the exhortation has so far been killed by ridicule, that it would be but charity to give its corpse a decent burial. No form of worship can stand against the laugh of the satirist, and when a phrase, a sentence, a page has become absurd, for the sake of religion—which should be serious—it would be better to expunge it. As for the exhortation itself, I never stand up to repeat it without a feeling of shame.

There is just a *soupcon* of snivel about it, and, as a literary composition, it seems designed to afford a lesson in tautology. Whoever the author may have been, his brain must have been cast in a singular mould, for he cannot utter without repetition, *e.g.*—

> "Dearly beloved
> Acknowledge and confess
> Sins and wickedness
> Dissemble nor cloke
> Humble—lowly
> Goodness and mercy
> Assemble and meet together
> Requisite and necessary
> Pray and beseech.

Whereunto may be added the two sentences: "To render thanks for the great benefits," etc., and "To set forth His most worthy praise," which mean practically the same thing. The intention of this rigmarole may have been excellent; the expression thereof is simply pitiful."

This is strong criticism—too strong it seems to me—but it is at least worthy of serious notice, coming as it does from the pen of the Rev. Compton Reade, M.A., rector of Kenchester.

Some of us have tried and tried in vain to discover a successful adaptation of the C. of E. Liturgy. To one accustomed to its phrases from childhood, every adaptation—though in such perfect taste as Mr. Stopford Brooke's service book—jars by sins of commission or of necessary omission. After all, are the grapes so sweet as they look? Those who are eating the fruit have already acquired a distaste for it. Were it not better for us who desire to see a liturgy used—at least at one of our Sunday services—to take advantage of our liberty and seek elsewhere?

To this end may I venture to suggest that our Triennial Conference, by virtue of its enlarged powers, should take this question in hand, and consider a proposal to publish "a Free Catholic" Common Prayer Book.—Yours, etc.,

J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

Liscard, October 14, 1898.

Her World.

Behind them slowly sank the western world,
Before them new horizons opened wide,—
"Yonder," he said, "old Rome and Venice wait,
And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide."
She heard, but backward all her heart had sped,
Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red;
"Yonder," she thought, "with breathing soft and deep,
My little lad lies smiling in his sleep."

They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea,
And Naples slept beneath her olive trees;
They saw the plains where trod the gods of old
Pink with the flush of wild anemones.
They saw the marbles by the Master wrought
To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.
Still ran one longing through her smiles and sighs,—
"If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!"

Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,
Her baby lying warm against her breast;
"What does she see?" he whispered, "can she guess
The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?"
"Ah, no!" she said, "she shuts him safe from harms,
Within the love-locked harbour of her arms,
No fear of coming fate could make me sad
If so, to-night, I held my little lad."

"If you could choose," he said, "a royal boon,
Like that girl dancing yonder for the king,
What gift from all her kingdom would you bid
Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?"
The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet hall,
Swam in a mist of tears along the wall;
"Not power," she said, "nor riches, nor delight,
But just to kiss my little lad to-night."

We'll keep our aims sublime, our eyes erect,
Although our woman hands should shake and fail.—*Mrs. Browning.*

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

"Honour Bright."

"Yes, mother, I will, honour bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?"

"No, my son; I never did." And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft, brown curls lovingly, as she looked down into the honest eyes that never, in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years, had failed to look straightforwardly back into hers.

"Well, mother, you never will. I'll be home by ten, sure. Now I'm off!" and Harry sprang down the steps, and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Alden Mayhew, had invited him to a candy-pull and a "general good time;" and Alden's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends, for Father and Mother Mayhew and grown-up Sister Nell had, to perfection, the knack of making a good time for young folks.

No wonder that Harry couldn't believe his own eyes when, in the height of the fun, he looked up, and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten! No one else looked as though even thinking of going home. But Harry's "honour bright" promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart, as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game. "Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks!"

It was all true. Very few and far between had been his "good times" since his father died, two years before, when little Day was a baby, and left him to be the support and comfort of his mother.

"It isn't late," he thought, irritably. "Mother's only nervous." Then his cheeks reddened, and he straightened up quickly. "Who had a better right to be nervous?" he thought fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother! And he knew little Day was not well. She had been fretful all day. And he had *promised!* Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good-nights, and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"Day is worse," she whispered huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor—quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he had never dreamed he could, even when he belonged to the nine, and its honour depended on his speed and surefootedness. And the old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time, and drove off down the hill at a pace that brought night-capped heads from darkened windows, and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in the "holler."

The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over Day. But he was a skilled physician; and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said impressively, "ten minutes later it wouldn't have been of much use to call me or any one else."

Harry listened silently, but when they were once more alone he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa, and told her of the resisted temptation.

"And, O mother," he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honour bright'! I feel as though I'd just escaped from being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie," said the happy mother, stroking the bonnie head bowed on her shoulder.

Apples of Gold.

A young girl was passing her aged great-aunt one day when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head beside her, and said: "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face, and there was a joyous quaver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

Few of us realise the dearth of such attentions which the old suffer. Many of them have been persons of consequence in their prime. As illness and sorrow gradually weaken their spirits they retire into the background. They are no longer pursued by the honeyed words which interest or affection once heaped upon them. Too often they linger on in more or less cheerless obscurity until they die. Even if they are surrounded with what are called "the comforts" of life, they lack the sweet stimulus which comes from social appreciation.

"I was astonished to find what an interesting person that old lady is who lives at Mrs. D's," remarked one lady to another. "She seems to be an aunt or great-aunt of Mr. D's; but she has always sat back in a corner when I have been there, and I never supposed she knew anything in particular. Yesterday Mrs. D. appealed to her several times. It seemed to draw her out. She is remarkably intelligent, and has had wonderful experiences of life."

"Did you think to tell her how much you had enjoyed talking with her?"

"No, that didn't occur to me."

The knowledge that her words and personality had so favourably impressed her visitor might have given the quiet old lady a pleasure which would lighten many weary hours. "There is no tonic like happiness."

A young man said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther to-day when I remarked casually, 'What a pretty gown you have on to-day, and how nice you look in it!' She almost cried, she was so pleased. I hadn't thought before that such a little thing as that would be likely to please her."

"I never expect to eat any cookies so good as those you used to make, mother," said a bearded man one day; and he was shocked when he saw her evident delight in his words, for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.